Pyramid Temple,

A. A. O. N. M. S.

Wednesday, December 14th, 1904.

Bishmillah!

THE SHRINE TOP IS ON THE SPIN AGAIN,

Es Selamu Aleikum!
Aleikum Es Salam.

The Annual and Ceremonial Sessions of

Pyramid Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.

On the Plantation of Bridgeport and Mesa of Connecticut,

Will occur on the 10th month, 6th day of Hejra 1322, according to the Mohammedan Calendar,

SHAWWAL,

which translated into the diplomatic language of epistolary formality and forcibly focalized, answers to

Wednesday, December 14th,
ANNUS DOMINOES MCMIV,

When the annual business-end of the Session for Election of Officers and Representatives to the Imperial Council, reports, etc., will take place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, sharp, at the

Masonic Temple, No. 1005 Broad St.

In the evening the flag will drop at that haven of the oppressed, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, at purcisely 7:30 **pee em,** at which time the Ceremonial Jamboree and Rumpus will be pulled off at

Sailer's Hall, No. 1379 Main St.

Merle C. Cowles, Illustrious Potentate.

David M. Trecartin, M. D., Chief Rabban.

George M. Baldwin, Assistant Rabban.

SAPRISTI!

Great Sweet Songs?
Ringdoodles and Holdups.
Schreeching Dervishes,
Dangerous Grade Crossings,
Hidehunters and Splurges,
Games, (Olympic, Oriental, Skin, etc.)
Sequacious Shuffles,
Grand Hops by Big Bugs,
Squirms and Snickers,
Bicyclopediamaniacs,
Atmospheric Disturbances,
Doses of Hot Air,
Ructions and Radiations,
Surpassing Deleriums,
Lympathic Teterings,
Mastadonic Phantasmajorias,
Surprising Surprises,
Cascades of Bleed,
Snaky Music,
Unspeakable Delights,
Cyclonic Effects,
Palmyrene Incantations,
Satiate Ecstacies,
Dynamite Sunbursts,
Canzona movements in three-four time,
Flimflams, Flops and Flaps,
Splenetic Vibrations,
Fireworksandwater,
Snortsandcavorts.

A Special Dispensation has been granted us by Imperial Potentate, George L. Brown, of Buffalo, N. Y., to hold the afternoon Session of this Temple at 3 P. M., as aforesaid.

HISTORY OF THE SHRINE.

A little slip is enclosed in this notice from Noble George L. Root, of Peoria, Ill., pertaining to the History of the Shrine, published by him, with illustrations, and stating price, $1.50 per copy. This slip can be returned to the Recorder, with the amount, who will procure the books for the Nobles. It is a worthy production from the author. Nobles will please note this.

If you need a shrine button or jewel, Nobles Davis and Hawley, No. 996 Main Street, Bridgeport, Conn., will be pleased to attend to your wishes.

If you need a fez, write to Past Illustrious Potentate Frank M. Wilson, at No. 982 Main Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

A committee consisting of Nobles J. Reed Topping, M. D., Charles C. Godfrey, M. D. and Carleton E. Hoadley, were voted appointed to revise our by-laws, and submit their report at our annual Session, which after approval, then will lie over until the second Wednesday in January, 1905, (our Stated Session) for adoption.

GIT AP!

The Ingine Summer has came and went. Winter, the Night of Vegetation is here. A gale is blowing in our teapot. The whipperwill is whippering; the monkey-wrench is monkeying; the tapir, is tapiring; the mocking bird is mocking; the ostrich is astretching; the robbins are arobbink; the lama is lambasting; the oysters are roystering; the Dinosauer is souring, et cetera, hencely we are lead to remark that the buzzards are on the hunt for carrion. The cubic stein sweats blut! the hay fever plants are as dead as salted mackerel; and it's up to us that there are such throngs of unexpurgated unregenerates banging at our outer portals and howling across our moats for admission to our gilded Mosque.

UMPAH!

SALVOS OF WELCOME, AWAIT THEM!

Our Potentate's tongue is vibrating and he is shooting off his mouth. There is tumult among the red corpuscles in the blue blood of our corn-fed neoptic camels from Adrianople; our Holy Allegators from Aboo Simbel having been stuffed to the gills with suffléd ensilage are having caniptions galore: our Sacred Goats from El Akdar having been X rayed indicate brobdingnagian scabaciousness, all of which augers that "The Greatest Show on Earth" will play 2d violin to the stellar pic-nic we've in store for you and that the Gates of Paradise will be flung wide open, so that we, us & co. being rejuvenated, reinvigorated, resuscitated and reintergrated find ourselves vicariously on deck with new brooms—warranted to sweep clean!

GR8 GIJANTIC FESTIVAL

In Honor of

Saydat Safeelyoubub, daughter of Hayee-ibm-Akhlab, widow of Keenanoh, foster brother of Mohammed and inventor of the jew's harp, ice cream freezer, rattle box, crimping irons, bandolene, hot water bag, teething-ring, chewing-gum and the Grecian Bend.

BETCHER!

Ne l'oubliez pas your card and fez: the date and place.

ABOUT SMOKING.

Nobles are again reminded that it is the urgent desire of the potentate that incense be burned to the Princess Nicotine before or after the meeting. To smoke during the ceremonial session entails a hardship upon non-smokers as well as materially detracting from the solemnity of our beautiful and impressive ceremonies. If you cannot restrain your desire to smoke during the session, kindly retire to the outer halls, where plenty of room and opportunity are provided. This is imperative!

Milking of Camels at 8:45.

Serious Tribulations at 9:15.

Agony at 9:30.

Torture at 9:50.

Convulsions at 10.3.

It's a 16 to 1 shot that this racket can't be skunked, but we need a large bunch of barbaric aspirants from whom to squeeze oleaginous matter enough to make our wheels go round, and our ball-bearings run to beat the cars! So get a wiggle on you!

By the whiskers of the Prophet! Hark! The approaching foot prints of His Royal Nibs, our Illustrious Potentate, is heard, who decrees and proclaimeth this.

PRONUNCIAMENTO.

Our Semi-Annual Eat Fest will be sprung on the Elect at the Connecticut National Guard Armory, No. 1494 Main Street, at the conclusion of the Obsequies, sometime in the ante or post meridian before Jupiter and Venus pull themselves together. The chuck handed around by imported Houri will consist of boiled oyster stews, crabapple soups, camel sandwiches (axes to carve 'em with) onyumyums, colera cure, Peruna, confetti and bum-bums (including lolly pops.) Grub to incenerate will be in evidence, with vodka frappé on the side. The Royal Family of Champagony, with cool, gold-crowned heads, sitting on icy thrones, will pipe you off———I guess, aber nit! **But,** 41144 skins of Zem Zem will be pricked. See?

Piano legs have been put on all the tables.

Admission to banquet by card, only; no return checks.

Music will be furnished by the famous Wheeler & Wilson Band.

The Imperial Council declares emphatically that the Fez shall only be worn in the Temple and never outside, except *under Dispensation.* Keep this edict in your mind and don't break the rule.

GESUNDHEIT AND WILKOMMEN!

Erinnern Sie December 14, 1904.

TO THE NOVICES.

Don't imagine you will be disfigured beyond recognition by the ordeal. Before starting we fotograf each novice and burn a cabalistic sign on the soft part of his anatomy, this avoids confusion.

Novices slightly indicating that they lack sand, or show yellow streaks and white feathers will be esteemed and have paresis at one end, gout at the other and Bright's disease in the middle.

Your attention is specially called to the **Banjo Solo,** which will be played solely for your felicitation.

Being possessed of tremendous reserve force, you will—in blocks of five—be subjected to the Moslem test!

Don't wax restless.

Pollytickle chin-music is barred at this grand shindig.

Words of Comfort—Even when you strike the deep waters, you'll never drown, so long as you can kick and holler for rope!

A novice who attends to his own business has a good steady job, particularly during the ceremony.

You are expected to answer this right off the reel, so look up! If Dick's father is John's son, what relation is Dick to John?

It profiteth a man to know even that which he comprehendeth not.—*Koran, Sura, IV. 9.*

A novice was heard lamenting that "life is a failure, man is a fraud, woman a bore, happiness a delusion, friendship a humbug; love is a disease, beauty a deception, marriage a mistake, a wife a trial, a child a nuisance; good is merely hypocrisy, evil is detection. The whole system of existence—life, morality, society, humanity, and all that—is a hollow sham. Our boasted wisdom is egotism; generosity is imbecility. There is nothing of any importance but money. Money is everything, and, after all, what is everything? Nothing. Ar-r-r-r-r!"

But now he is a shriner everything is O. K., and things in general are viewed thru the other end of the telescope.

ILLU$TRIOU$ NOBLE$.

There i$ $omething to which at thi$ eaon of the year the Recorder beg$ to call the attention of the Nobility. It really i$ a delicate $ubject to di$cu$$, but a$ bu$ine$$ i$ bu$ine$$, will $ay that thi$ i$ an important i$$ue; in fact, it i$ ab$olutely nece$$ary for the pro$perity of the $hrine and $ucce$$ful $e$$ion$ a$ well a$ an e$$ential to ble$$ing$ un$peakable in $tore for the Noble$ of Pyramid. Due$ for 1904 are now acceptable. A$ $oon a$ they are paid you will receive your card for 1905.

One of the surest ways for a man to be robbed of his good name is to put it in his umbrella.—*Koran, Sura, LC. 72.*

HAMDULILLAH! LOOK YE! BEHOLD YE! HEAR YE! CARAMBO!

Any of the rubber-necked Hoi Polloi having hot-box of the jaw or suffering from streptococeus pyogenes aureuens—simulating a Noble—undertaking to take a peek at our sanctum sanctorum without flashing the orthodox Green card with 1904 emblazoned "onto" it, will be brought viz-a-viz the frozen mug and glassy stare, such as Cassius trained upon Caesar, and handed one on the point of the jaw which will render him an authority on oblivion.

All nobles of other temples sojourning in this Oasis at the light of the moon are cordially invited to halt their caravan at our tents where the Arab's hearty greeting awaits them.

Let not thy heart grow sad, for joy cometh to him who will be joyful—and the joyous joker beats anything in the deck.
—*Koran, Sura IX, 17.*

CORRECT YOUR ADDRESS.

Please notify the Recorder if you change your address—unless you die, in which case, he knows where **you** are—as it is our desire that every Noble will receive promptly all notices.

Whil'st upholstering and warping yourself into your glad rags at this joyous occasion, don't forget that your dress-suit, fez and claws are a part of your regalia.

Go ye out unto the ends of the earth and seek thee thy fellow Moslems, and take ye thy passport, else who knowest whence thou camest, and that thou art not a bunco steerer.
—*Koran, Sura XXX, 24.*

WAUGH!

Now, Mary had a little calf,
It was so very lean
What everywhere which Mamie goed
It skasely could be seen,
So Marie bide a brace of pads
And sticked 'em in her hose,
And now the calf is plainly seen
Wherever Memmy goes.
(*With Apologies to Mama Geese.*)

We shall be jolly well dee—lighted and chawmed to corkscrew kopecks enough from the britchaloons of the squirming infidels who seek admission into our Order to equal 2500 cents, as it costs that much to sit in our game and become one of the gods' annointed. It's a sin to take the "dust," but we *have* to do it.

The Thirty-First Annual Session of the Imperial Council will be held in the International Theatre, at Niagara Falls, N. Y., on Tuesday, June 20th and Wednesday, June 21st, 1905.

A fool and his money are soon parted by the wise man who gets between them.—*Koran, Sura XII, 16.*

Don't forget 3:00 and 7:30 P. M., December 14th, 1904.

GEMS FROM THE ARABIC.

To the pure, you know, most things are rotten.

Many a man lies down in good health and gets up dead.

The unregenerate, who goes about looking for someone to swat, will himself be swatted some day. That's what!

St. Peter does'nt care what your epitaph says.

How sad it is for many a kid that its Pa and Ma happen to be its parents.

Some people are Good because it comes High to be otherwise.

The stomach of the well-fed man is the graveyard of the animal kingdom.

Lager and ice-cream don't dance in the same set.

When in doubt tell the truth.

There are many harps in heaven but no lyres.

Some people pray; others there be who say prayers.

'Ere's 'opink you may live long—and broad, and that you may never be tired when you come to the turnstile of Night.

The reason why women carry something in their hands while walking, is to keep their hands out of their pockets.

He who mourns not yesterday and fears not for to-morrow, he is lord of happiness, he is king of sorrow.

There will be no marrying in heaven, because those who have had that experience will not need a repetition, while those who have not will not be required to go thru Pergatory again.

Many are called but few get up.

Fools rush in and win—where angels fear to tread.

A bird on the bonnet is worth ten on a plate.

What is home without another.

A lie in time saves nine.

Where there's a will there's a lawsuit.

Some are born widows, some achieve widowhood, whil'st others have widows thrust upon them.

Some people put on airs and some people try to whistle them.

Seesduweedugookst und Seidlitzpulver? Sultschild und Schwartzburgher! Schwannundsmitundfluegel! Katzenyammer! Wirtzburgerschuft und Schweinekelumpen. All hazogasock der shlobben de hobben und nix comerouss. Lausbub und Schaafskopf mit Schmitt und Schneider und zwei glass beer hobben! Gesundheit mit sauer kraut und pretzels und Pienochle by heinegaboobler und rowsmittem! Slogem on der koop mit a brick-stine und go soak your head mit limburger und doodlesock musik. Erin-go-braugh, und nix fer steh! W llkommen, Swartzetyfettle, Ehlendslump! Dunder und blitzen, by Anheuser-Busch! Oh pumper nickel! Oh Schuetzenfest! Oh Swilli-willi-wick you hire a saw! Oh cheemny beeswax und hoch der Kaiser!

Cheer up, the worst's to come!

MERLE C. COWLES,
Potentate.

Wurden das ihr slats nicht jarren. Yes? No?

E. STEWART SUMNER,
Recorder.

Et la vous etes.

J. REED TOPPING, M. D.,
Director.

Apprentice-Shriner.

I

I held the gavel and the gage,
  I walked the checkered floor,
My thirst for knowledge to assuage,
  And be profane no more.

II

The Sage's words I heeded well,
  They in my heart were laid,
And when the story I could tell,
  A Craftsman I was made.

III

My burning zeal still led me on,
  I sought the inner door,
And ere I left the starry dome
  A Master's apron wore.

IV

Again with steady upward march,
  With lofty aim in view,
I passed beneath the Royal Arch,
  My pathway to pursue.

V

The sword upon my head was laid,
  And in penitence I felt
The weight of Knightly vows as I
  In the solemn Temple knelt.

VI.

The lights then shown around my head
  From Scotland's classic shore,
The open tomes—the Prophet's word—
  Complete my sacred lore.

VII.

And yet with all this wisdom won;
  With all the honor that is mine:
I know my duty is not done
  Until I join the *Mystic Shrine!*

OFFICIAL DIVAN, 1904.

Merle C. Cowles,	Ill. Potentate.
David M. Trecartin, M. D.,	Ill. Chief Rabban.
George M. Baldwin,	Ill. Assistant Rabban.
John M. Hawley,	Ill. High Priest and Prophet.
Frank B. Hastings,	Ill. Oriental Guide.
Ebenezer S. Phillips,	Ill. Treasurer.
E. Stewart Sumner,	Ill. Recorder.
Charles D. Davis,	Ill. First Ceremonial Master.
Lou P. Bristol,	Ill. Second Ceremonial Master.
J. Reed Topping, M. D.,	Ill. Director.
Farron S. Betts,	Ill. Assistant Director.
Franklin A. Coester,	Ill. Assistant Director.
Frederick A. Strong,	Ill. Assistant Director.
Charles E. Roath,	Ill. Assistant Director.
Charles S. Fox,	Ill. Assistant Director.
George F. Hull,	Ill. Marshal.
Julius W. Skidmore,	Ill. Captain of the Guard.
Albert L. Eugene,	Ill. Outer Guard.
Abram Heaton,	Ill. Alchemist.
Charles C. Godfrey, M. D.,	Ill. Pyrotechnist.
William H. Marigold,	Ill. Interlocutor.
James H. MacDonald,	Ill. Standard Bearer.
George W. Roberts,	Ill. Musical Director.
Nelson E. Freshour,	Ill. Sentinel.

REPRESENTATIVES TO IMPERIAL COUNCIL.

Merle C. Cowles, Carleton E. Hoadley,
David M. Trecartin, M. D., Thaddeus B. Beecher.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Charles H. Peet, Nelson E. Freshour, Angus H. Mackenzie.

ARAB PATROL.

Frederic A. Bartlett, A. H. Bullard, George Heisler, Jr.,
George H. T. Wallis, Angus H. MacKenzie, Isaac T. Banks,
Otis L. Conant, Frederick B. Strong, George E. Fox,
F. W. Smith, Jr. August M. Englehard, Henry E. Bishop,
William M. Thomas, Frederick Schussler, Wm. M. Richardson,
Harry F. Parrott, Frank S. Slosson, Joel T. Wooster,
Edwin Earnshaw, Louis Kutscher, Jr. George G. Beers,
Charles Bottomley, George B. Coley, Ernest P. Lyon.
Lacey L. Blackman,

PAST ILLUSTRIOUS POTENTATES.

Thomas R. Cruttenden,	1877, 1878, 1879, 1880 and 1881.
Julius W. Knowlton,	1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890 and 1894.
Thaddeus B. Beecher,	1891, 1892, 1893 and 1897.
Hugh Stirling,	1895 and 1896.
J. Reed Topping, M. D.	1898 and 1899.
Jesse B. Cornwall,	1900.
Frank M. Wilson,	1901.
Fred C. Whipple,	1902.
Thomas H. Macdonald,	1903.
Merle C. Cowles,	1904.